

FURNITURE STORE SOLD BY MR HANNA

S. C. PREVO & SONS BUY BUSINESS AND WILL ENLARGE THEIR DRY GOODS, MAN'S CLOTHING AND READY TO WEAR STORE — DEPARTMENT STORE IS PLAN — HANNA RETAINS UNDERTAKING BUSINESS

S. C. Prevo & sons have bought of Andrew B. Hanna, the latter's furniture store.

Mr. Hanna retains his undertaking business.

S. C. Prevo & Sons will enlarge their present mercantile business and plan one of the largest department stores in this section of the state.

These are the facts, regarding a deal closed Monday.

Plans now under way contemplate moving of the S. C. Prevo & Sons women's ready to wear department from the second floor of their building to the ground floor now occupied by the men's clothing department.

The men's clothing department will be moved into the ground floor of the Hanna building, while the furniture department will occupy the entire second floor of both buildings.

Entrances between the two store rooms will be cut in the walls on each the first and second floors, making one business room occupying an entire half block.

Mr. Hanna will retain his undertaking rooms on the second floor and his office on the first floor of the furniture store room. S. C. Prevo & Sons have taken a seven year lease on the Hanna property. The furniture business will be conducted as heretofore by the new owners, who also will retain the Hanna business conducted by Mr. Hanna.

When the remodeling work is completed, the store will be one of the most modern in this section of the state.

A PRAYER FOR THE BABIES.

O God, since Thou hast laid the little children into our arms in utter helplessness, with no protection save our love, we pray that the sweet aspect of their baby hands may not be in vain. Let no innocent life in our city be quenched again in useless pain through our ignorance and sin. May we who are mothers or fathers seek eagerly to join wisdom to our love, lest love itself be deadly when unguided by knowledge. Bless the doctors and nurses, and all the friends of men, who are giving of their skill and devotion to the care of our children. If there are any who were kissed by love in their own infancy, but who have no child to whom they may give as they have received, grant them such largeness of sympathy that they may rejoice to pay their debt in full to all children who may have need of them.

Forgive us our Father, for the heartlessness of the past. Grant us great tenderness for all babies who suffer, and a growing sense of the divine mystery that is brooding in the soul of every child. Amen.—Walter Radachensbusch, in National Magazine.

It is easy for a knocker to get a large audience—because the show is free.

The average woman gets off a trolley car and a joke in the same manner.

If you fuss about the weather it may be a sign that you are old.

It sometimes takes a certain amount of strength to admit our own weakness.

You never can tell. Many a man is tall physically, but mighty short financially.

WABASH AND DEPAUW MEET IN 2ND GAME

BASEBALL GAME OF MUCH INTEREST TO LOCAL FOLKS BEING PLAYED IN CRAWFORDSVILLE THIS AFTERNOON — FIRST GAME PLAYED HERE RESULTED IN A TIE

The De Pauw Baseball team went to Crawfordsville this afternoon where it will meet the Wabash team in the second of a five game series of baseball. The first game, played here last week resulted in a 7 to 7 tie.

Members of the De Pauw team were taken to Crawfordsville at noon in autos, in order that they might avoid a long and tiresome wait as would have been necessary, had they taken the morning Monon train or the noon Monon train.

STUDY OF THE FINGER NAIL.

How They Look in Sickness and in Health.

"One who makes a close study of finger nails will find many curious things about them to excite his wonder and interest," says F. De Donato, who, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says, is an expert on such matters, "but none more so than the stories of physical condition in their growth."

"You know, the nail of a person in good health grows at the rate of about one-sixteenth of an inch each week—slightly more than many authorities believe—but during illness or after an accident or during times of mental depression this growth is not only affected and retarded so far as its length is concerned, but also as regards its thickness. The very lightest illness will thus leave an indelible mark on the nail, which may be readily detected as the nail grows out. If one has a sudden attack such as acute rheumatism, which sends the temperature bounding upward to 101 or 105 within the space of two or three hours, it will be found on the nails, indicating the difference in thickness of growth the time when health was enjoyed and the thin growth of the ill period.

"If the illness be one that comes gradually, like typhoid fever, for example, instead of a ridge, a gentle incline will appear on the nails. Should one have an arm broken, the thick ridge can be seen only on the fingers of one hand, but in all cases of general sickness the ridge or slope appears on the fingers of both hands. When one has passed through a period of extreme excitement or mental depression the fact will be imprinted on the nails either with an abrupt ridge or a gentle slope, according to the acuteness of the mental influence."

"In no instance can the marks of illness, accident or mental condition be clearly seen on the nail until after the growth has carried the line beyond the white or half-moon portion of it, but a week or two subsequent to any of these things the ridge or slope may be found on the nails, usually readily visible to the eye; but, if not, the mark may be found by running the tip of the finger down any of the nails."

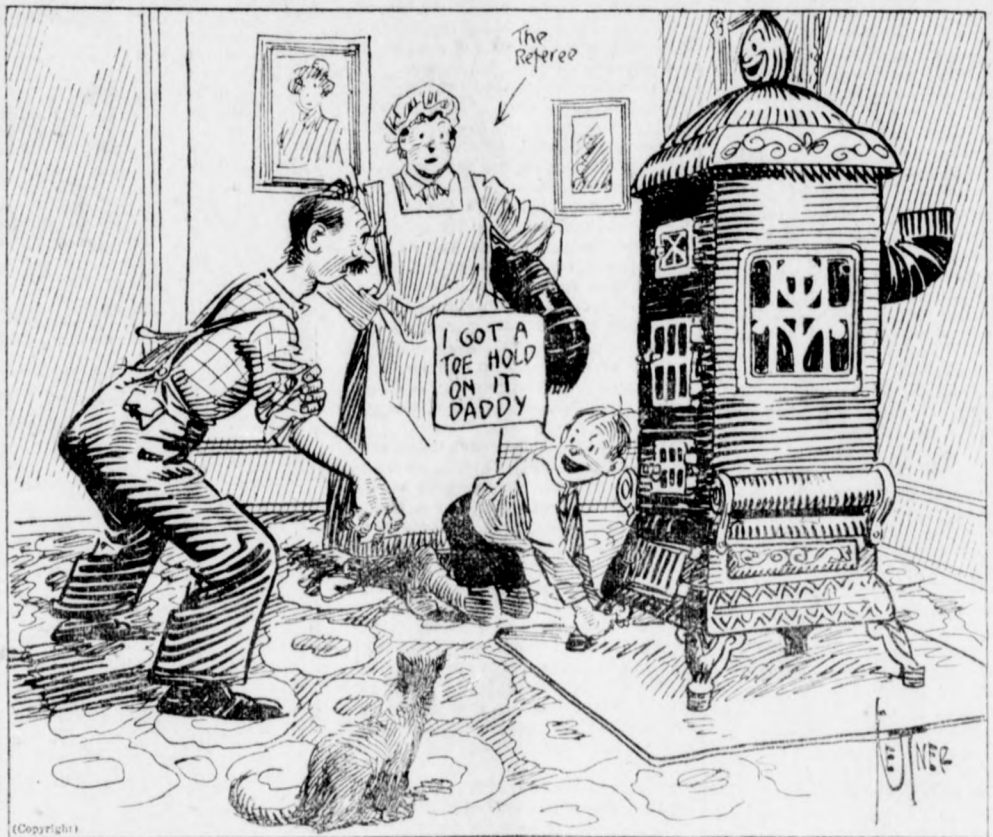
In a Japanese Prison

That which is especially striking at first sight in a Japanese prison is that there is no difference between the prison and the hut of the free peasant, the Japanese declaring that if the prison were elevated to the level of a modern penitentiary it would be too attractive and would increase crime.

Upon approaching the prison, in place of high and forbidding walls you see a large country house with a series of outbuildings, the prison itself being completely open, while the wooden bars at the windows have nothing of the forbidding aspect of our iron gratings. The interior of the building is completely open, although formerly at Ichigoi there was a corridor separated from the building by a paper wall, where the guards slept.

The food given the prisoners is in proportion to their conduct and industry, the prisoners who do not conduct themselves as they should receiving a cake of rice which must last for seven days, while in the case of the orderly prisoners the same cake lasts for only four days. The prisoners who conduct themselves properly receive also a little horse meat with potato or pea sauce with their meals.—Public Opinion.

The Annual Spring Wrestling Bout



ANDREW HIRT GETS \$48,100 FOR 640 ACRES

LOCAL REAL ESTATE MAN MAKES A BIG DEAL IN SOUTHERN LAND — HIGHEST PRICE EVER PAID FOR MISSISSIPPI TIMBER LAND — HAD OWNED IT FOR TEN YEARS

Andrew Hirt of this city closed a deal on Monday by which he sold 640 acres of timberland, near Holly Bluff, Mississippi, to a syndicate headed by C. D. Beason of Memphis, Tennessee, for \$48,100. Mr. Hirt had owned the land for ten years.

The Putnam Realty Co., was sales agent in the deal. The sale of this large tract of land for \$75 an acre, is said to be the biggest per acre land sale ever recorded in Mississippi.

The land formerly was owned by Alfred Hirt. He disposed of it to his son about ten years ago. At that time the land was not considered as valuable. Continued advances in the price of timber lands, however, placed the land as a valuable possession.

CLINTON FALLS

Don't forget the all day meeting here at the church Sunday May 3. Sunday School at 10 o'clock. Preaching at 11 o'clock. Afternoon meeting at 2:30 o'clock. Night meeting at 7:30. Sermon by the Rev. L. D. Dodd.

Borindene Davis spent a few days with her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bettis and children spent Sunday with Chas. Romings of near Keytsville.

Mrs. Mary Berk visited last week with Mrs. Marcus Boswell of Brick Chapel.

Mrs. Bertha Brothers and children visited Bertha Knauer one day last week.

Mrs. Emily Boswell visited Mrs. Eula Stagg's one evening last week.

The funeral of Caroline Dills was held at the residence Sunday afternoon with burial in the Baptist Cemetery.

Stricken with an acute attack of appendicitis, Wilbur Sellers was taken to Indianapolis Monday afternoon and Reports from the hospital are that he is getting along as well as could be expected.

ELECT HARNEY DIRECTOR FOR Y. OF COMMERCE

DIRECTORS NAME LOCAL MAN TO DIRECT PROJECTS WHICH ARE TO BE UNDERTAKEN BY BUSINESS MEN'S ORGANIZATION — TRADE DAY AND BUILDING CAMPAIGN

With George S. (Cap) Harney as Director in charge of the affairs of the Greencastle Chamber of Commerce; with a movement to build at least 75 homes in Greencastle in the next year; with a trade day project for Greencastle, merchants within the near future and with a determination to double the population of Greencastle within the next five years, the Greencastle Chamber of Commerce has launched on a tremendous but probably successful campaign.

In securing the services of Mr. Harney, the organization has made a big strike. For Harney is the man who will be able to put things over.

At the meeting Monday night, the Directors of the Chamber of Commerce selected Mr. Harney and outlined a campaign of work. Already Mr. Harney is busy and from this time on may expect results from the Chamber of Commerce.

FAMILY SUPPER AND RECEPTION THURSDAY EVENING AT COLLEGE AVE

College Ave will extend hearty informal welcome to her hundred new members on Thursday of this week. The festivities will begin with a family picnic supper at 6 o'clock, at which the men of the church are to act as hosts. Each family is expected to bring their own dishes, and a simple formally, picnic style, and a genuine lunch, sandwiches and one other article of food. Supper will be served in good time is predicted.

Following supper, there is to be a warm, old fashioned fellowship hour, in which everybody gets acquainted with everybody and a number of pleasant surprises are in store.

It is reported that the men of the church are to make and serve the coffee, wash the dishes, and otherwise relieve the women of the drudgery connected with the occasion, provided of course, the said women folk will accept the assurance that their domain is not being permanently invaded.

LIGHT VOTE PREDICTED IN PRIMARY

FARMERS DELAYED BY LATE SPRING, ARE BUSY PLOWING AND MANY OF THEM WILL NOT TAKE TIME TO GO TO THE POLLS — CANDIDATES ARE BUSY AND CONFIDENT

A light vote is the prediction of the political leaders, and candidates, whose interest is centered today on the primary election.

Delayed by a late spring, the fine weather of the past few days, has given the farmers of the county an opportunity to begin their plowing and today the fields are full of tractors, teams, men and plows.

As the result there will be many farmers who will not take the time to go to the polls. The candidates and their lieutenants are busy with autos and other conveyances hauling the voters, who will spare the time to the polls.

The general impression gained from the drift of conversation at the polling places is that in the Democratic Commissioners races, David Skelton and Reese Buis will be the nominees.

In the race for sheriff there still remains that uncertainty which has marked the last week of the campaign. Fred Lancaster, Elijah Wallace, Edward Eiteljorge and Allen Eggers have been in a "Neck and Neck" race and until the ballots are counted this evening there will be that uncertainty, which has marked this contest for the last two weeks.

The nomination of any one of these men will not be a surprise to the politicians. Eiteljorge has been mentioned during the contest as the man the other candidates would have to beat to secure the nomination, and it is probable that he will be first or second in the race. Whether either Wallace, Lancaster or Eggers will be stronger is the question.

The Republican primary with only one contest, that of presidential preference, does not arouse so great an interest. It is conceded that Wood will carry the county, as Frank Hays county boss and his gang have given their every effort to his candidacy.

Returns of the election will be received by the Democratic organization this evening at the county clerk's office.

STAR CENTER IS COMING TO UNIVERSITY

ALONZO GOLDSBERRY OF WINGATE HIGH SCHOOL FIVE WILL COME TO DEPAUW AND WILL BE SEEN IN ACTION ON THE TIGER SQUAD — OTHER CENTERS ARE LOST

The announcement that Alonzo Goldsberry, center on the Wingate High School basketball team, which last winter defeated the star basketball teams of the country in tournament play, will come to DePauw to team with Cannon, Gipson, Moffett, and the other Tiger Stars, is causing much rejoicing among the DePauw Basketball enthusiasts.

With the loss of Miller who recently married and left school, and with the announcement that Curtis will not enter DePauw next fall, the two star centers were lost to DePauw. The coming of Goldsberry, no doubt, will fill the gap caused by the loss of these two. Gibbs, Martinsville star Basketball player will also enter DePauw next fall.

So DePauw's Basketball prowess should continue.

IMPORTANT GOLF CLUB MEETING WEDNESDAY

An important meeting of the members of the Greencastle Golf Club will be held on Wednesday evening at the Hamilton Book Store. There is an announcement of unusual interest to be made at the meeting and every member should make it a point to be present to get in on the big surprise.

TO THE WEATHER MAN

Please listen Mr. Weather Man. I have a story, and My coal pile is depleted, sir Yes every lump I had Has all been burned, my woodpile too Has gone the furnace way So please turn on your summer heat Tomorrow, sure, Wednesday.

PORPOISE JAW OIL GOOD.

Made for Lubricating Watches and Other Things.

Practically all the porpoise oil used in this country, even if not in the world, for lubricating watches and other delicate instruments, is made near New Bedford, Mass., which many years ago was important as a whaling port. The product is taken from the jaw, and certain other parts, of the animal, which is caught especially for this purpose.

When the industry was in its infancy whalers were depended upon to supply the porpoise, but now the manufacturers maintain a fishing department which follows the schools of porpoise migrating along the coast, and furnishes a continual supply of them. The history of the New Bedford industry reaches back to the early part of the nineteenth century, to a watch tinker who regulated and cleaned the timepieces and chronometers of the skippers of the whalers.—Popular Mechanics.

FISHES CARRY LIGHTS.

Certain Water Denizens Provide Lanterns of Their Own.

Certainly among the most remarkable of fishes are those which are provided with lanterns of their own and which swim around the dark recesses of the bottom of the deep ocean where no ray of natural light above can penetrate. A model of one of these fish, notable for the phosphorescent organs, is on exhibition in the United States National Museum.

The sides of the fish are regularly dotted with luminous spots, while, in addition, there is a large luminous "area," like a lantern, on the top of the head. This extraordinary creature must present a singular appearance when swimming in the dark abysses of the ocean. In the model the luminous spots on the sides are represented by buttons of glass, connected with the interior by tubes.—The Nation.

PROFITEERING LAID TO MAYOR OF LOGANSPORT

EXECUTIVE JAMES I. BARNES CHARGED WITH IMPROPER PURCHASE AND SALE OF CAR LOAD OF SUGAR. CLEANUP OF \$7,000 ALLEGED.

Indianapolis, May 3—Charges connecting James I. Barnes, mayor of Logansport, Ind., with an alleged attempt to make excessive profits on a carload of sugar were made yesterday by Stanley Wyckoff, Federal fair price commissioner of Indiana.

Mr. Wyckoff says his investigation shows that a car load of sugar was sold by Syne-Eagle & Co. of Chicago to the Ruch-Drompp Co. of Logansport, at 19 cents a pound. This car was shipped to Ruch-Drompp & Co., and was paid for by J. I. Barnes, mayor of Logansport.

The Ruch Drompp Company is not accustomed to handling large amounts of sugar, according to Mr. Wyckoff.

PRESBYTERIANS FURNISH THEIR OWN ROOFS

The Elat Presbyterian Church in Camerooun West Africa has been re-roofed. The Christians of the community furnished the roofing materials for the work. All natives within ten miles brought in mats made of bamboo leaves for the roof and those from farther brought in a vine called "bus's rope", with which the mats are tied on.

A. G. Adams will give an illustrated lecture on the wonderful work being done in this field next Sunday evening, in the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Adams is business manager of the Camerooun, West Africa mission. Mr. J. P. Allen will assist him.

LAY PHYSICIANS.

How good and thoughtful people are! When sickness gives my frame a jar and ties my vitals in a knot, they come to see me on the trot and tell me what I ought to do, if I would be as good as new.

And every kind, well-meaning friend has some sure cure to recommend, some wondrous dope that never fails, according to his specious tales. Last week I had a dose of grip, so bad methought from life I'd slip. It is a punk and fell disease that makes the victim cough and sneeze and gasp and groan and grunt and swear and bite big pieces from his chair.

Then Bungshaw, who abides next door, to my abode came toddling over and brought along a gallon jar of dope that smelled like rancid tar. The jar in front of me he held. "There's no use suffering!" he yelled. "This dope will cure the fiercest cold that ever on a man took hold, and in a fortnight you will feel so full of vim and strength and pith, you'll want to tackle Gunboat Smith. Now let me hold your nose awhile and pour this dope in where you snifle. I know it tastes like last year's eggs, but it will put you on your legs."

"I'm hiring doctors," I reply, "and I they are paid to help me die, and so I have to take their cures and must not take that dope of yours."

Then Bungshaw toddles home again, as mad as any moistened hen; and when he hears me yowl and yelp, he says: "He wouldn't have my help, and so his groans and whoops and tears are music in this sinner's ears."

Old Mrs. Doodad comes along and favors me with dance and song. "You soak your feet and go to bed and put this poultice on your head and drink my homemade boneset tea, and from your grief you'll soon be free. Don't laugh my humble plans to scorn; I cured the grip ere you were born."

I tell her I pay the due to bring what pills he has in stock. And then she snorts and goes her way, and as she goes I hear her say, "That's all the thanks a dame receives for brewing tons of boneset leaves! Just lie and suffer for a while! The more you howl, the more I'll smile!"

Thus easily we lose our friends when sickness on our forms descends. The good Samaritans get sore! they'll go samaritane no more.—By Walt Mason from Judge.

HERALD

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at the Greencastle, Ind., postoffice.

Proprietor
J. Arnold
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except Sunday at 17 and 19 S. Jack-
son Street, Greencastle, Ind.
TELEPHONE 65

Cards of Thanks.

Cards of Thanks are chargeable at
a rate of 50c each.

Obituaries.

Obituaries are chargeable at the
rate of \$1 for each obituary. Addi-
tional charge of 5c a line is made for
poetry.

BACK WOODS BREEDING FARM

Season of 1920—Stock in Service:
Jumbo, Registered, pure bred Bel-
gium, foaled May 5, 1911, Weight 2050
Color Bay. This horse is a proven sire
and one of the best individuals in this
(these animals are all enrolled sound)
county. Season Service Fee \$15.
Dalebert, Pur Bred Percheron, foal-
ed April 16, 1916, Color Sorrel; stripe
in face. Season Service Fee \$15.
Jacks, Four Mammouth Pure Bred
registered jacks. These are extra good
quick workers, no waiting. Two of the
Jacks, as good as are grown. They are
se Jacks are sired by the George Lew.
Sweeney Jack, two of the greatest pro-
ducing Jacks in the history of the
is Jack and are grandsons of the Old
state. My Jacks are producing the
same amount of mules as their ances-
tors. Season Service Fee, \$12.

Location of Farm

The above stallions and Jacks will
make the season of 1920 at my farm,
1 1/2 miles east of Clinton Falls and
three miles south of Morton. The farm
is a quarter of a mile south of the Old
Home Place.

There is a shortage of mules and
horses. This certainly is the season
to raise good colts.

All interested in good stock are in-
vited to call at the farm and inspect
these animals. Best service and care
of your mares is assured.

J. Owen Sigler, proprietor

Are you looking hard for
dollars for the want of

CASH?

If so call on us, we will
furnish the

MONEY

Never in all of our Ten Years
have we disappointed anyone. Always
dependable. Always at your service.

loans

on Automobiles, Horses, Cattle, etc.
LONG or SHORT TIME



175 EAST WASHINGTON ST.
Room 3 in Donner Block
Agents in Office Each Thursday.

PESKY
BED BUGS

Bedbug (Cimex lectularius.) The
origin of the name bedbug is unknown
but is supposed to be naturally sug-
gested as it is descriptive. There are
many local names for these para-
sites, as for illustration, around Bos-
ton they are called "Cinches," from
Baltimore comes the name "Mahogany
Flat," in New York they are styled
as "Red Coats," around Pittsburgh
they are called "Pesky Devils," in
Cincinnati and the South "Night Ri-
ders," in St. Louis and Chicago dis-
trict "Crimson Ramblers," the great
West "Pilgrims." The old saying,
"the bedbugs have no teeth but they
get there just the same," is correct.
Instead of teeth they possess a pierc-
ing and sucking beak to draw and
rob you of your blood for their own
body.

Bedbugs, no matter what you may
call them, or where they came from,
science has found a way to get rid of
them if you will use faithfully the
chemical Pesky Devils Quicker "P.
D. Q." A 35c package makes one
quart, enough to kill a million bedbugs
on sheets, on walls, on curtains, and
their eggs as well. P. D. Q. will not
injure bedding, and each package con-
tains a patent spout to enable you to
get them in the hard-to-get-at places.
Impossible for Pesky Devils to exist
where P. D. Q. is used.

Sold by R. P. Mullins Drug Store.

Named for Two Presidents

When Uncle Rod, the old colored
man who worked about the place,
came one morning Mrs. Stone said:
"Well, Uncle Rod, I hear you have
another pair of twins at your house."
"Yaas, missus," responded the man
"we has. Bress day little hearts!"
"Have you named them yet?" asked
the woman.
"Yaas'm," said Rod. "Done named
'em aftah two ob de fust Presidents ob
dis country."
"Indeed!" said Mrs. Stone. "Which
two?"
"Ole Christofo 'Columbus an' Juleyou
Caesar," said the man. "We's great
on namin' de chillun fo' de Presidents
't our house."

Nothing on the President

Appropos of the human side of Pres-
ident Wilson, the President was out for
a ride in his automobile one afternoon.
The machine passed a small boy stand-
ing beside the road.

"Did you notice what that boy did
when we passed?" the President asked.
"No, Mr. President, I did not."

"He made a face at me."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the
shocked companion. "I didn't observe
him."

"He did," said the President; "but
did you notice what he did?"

"No, sir."

"Well," answered the President hap-
pily, "I made a face right back at
him!"

The Poor Compass

Little Jack—"What did papa mean
by saying that he was captain of this
ship?"

Mother—"Oh, that is only his way
of saying that he is the head of this
house."

Little Jack—"If papa is captain, then
what are you?"

Mother—"I suppose I am the pilot."

Little Jack—"Oh, yes! and then I
must be the compass."

Mother—"The compass? Why the
compass?"

Little Jack—"Because the captain
and pilot are always boxing the com-
pass, you know."

Perhaps

"And what do your propose to do
now William?" asked his father of the
son who had just come home after
graduation at college.

"Oh," yawned the optimistic young
man, "I think I'll go over to New
York and look for a position at \$5,-
000 per year, you understand? At \$5,000
per."

"Oh, yes," said the old man. "I un-
derstand. You mean at \$5,000 per-
haps."

USED TO IT.



"Jones, the poet, didn't seem much
put out when she refused him!"
"No he wrote his proposal in verse
and she rejected it."

Reduction in Price

The president of a western college
was spending some time in a large
eastern city. In order to study con-
ditions in the city he occasionally took
his meals in the poorer restaurants.
One morning the waitress brought him
some breakfast food that was wormy.
He called her attention to the fact.
The waitress said that she would go
into the kitchen and see what could
be done about it. In a few minutes she
returned and said: "Since the break-
fast food is wormy, you may have it
for five cents."

A Bachelor's Guess

Young Mother—"I really don't know
why he cries so."

Bachelor Friend—"Perhaps it is his
teeth coming through."

Young Mother—"No! he isn't teeth-
ing."

Bachelor Friend—"Maybe it's his
hair coming through that hurts him."

—Puck.

Good Luck

When the agent for the life insur-
ance company paid Mrs. Stone the
amount of her husband's policy he
asked her to take out one on her own
life.

"I believe I will," she said, "as my
husband had such good luck."

Brother Jonathan's Waaps' Nest
First Citizen—"So you think there
is no longer to be apprehended from
foreign powers?"

Second Citizen—"None at all. We
have let so many anarchists and dy-
namite cranks into the country that not
even the Gov. of Indiana would care to
own us."

Nickel

The word came from the Swedish
and is connected with "Old Nick," an
evil spirit. The reason it is applied to
the metal we know as nickel is that its
ore, which is copper-colored, deceived
the miners, who expected to obtain
copper from it.

TO KEEP AWAY WITCHES.

Women's Belief in the Power of
Fantastic Costume.

A remarkable case of supposed
witchcraft was brought to light at
Taunton, England, recently, says
the London Daily Mail, when Frances
Jane Smith, a married woman, resid-
ing at Sweet Hay, was brought up on
a charge of threatening to stab an-
other woman with a pocket knife.
The defendant is well known in
Taunton, where she has been notice-
able for some time past by reason of
her fantastic attire.

The police state that the woman
and her husband formerly had a
large farm near Honiton. Having
lost a good deal of stock through
disease, some gypsies told the woman
that her cattle had been bewitched,
and that the only thing which would
act as a spell and keep the witches
away was for her to dress in peculiar
garb and to wear charms in the form
of rings and other ornaments. She
was also told to put money under a
stone to appease the wrath of the
witch.

Mrs. Smith presented a remark-
able appearance before the magis-
trate in her grotesque attire. She
wore a "Tam-o'-Shanter" with num-
erous colored feathers, a large
check jacket, and an orange colored
dress. From her neck were suspend-
ed an iron padlock, a pair of scis-
sors, and other articles. Her fingers
were covered with rings.

Questioned by the mayor, the
woman could give no coherent ex-
planation of her conduct, and the po-
lice said they had received com-
plaints of persons being interfered
with by the woman.

She caused a scene by going down
on her knees and asking to be for-
given.

The charge against her was not
gone into, but she was seen by Dr.
Willocks, of Taunton, who certified
that she was of unsound mind, and
later in the day she was removed to
the asylum.

The Value of Expectation.

A popular New England preacher
says that if his sermon ever stretches
beyond the twenty minutes to which
he means always to limit it the words
of his little daughter ring in his ears
and he reflects that some of his con-
gregation are doubtless feeling as
she did on a memorable occasion.

The occasion was the little girl's
sixth birthday, which chanced to
come on Thanksgiving Day.

She went to church with her mo-
ther and sat quietly through the ser-
vice. The sermon was unusually
good, the minister could not help
thinking; he had plenty to say, and
he said it fluently.

"How did you like my sermon?"
he asked his young critic as they
walked home together, her small
hand in his big one.

"You preached awful long father,"
said the little girl, "but I beared it
because I love you, and I knew I'd
have a nice dinner when I got home
and forget what I'd been through."

—Youth's Companion.

A Cure for Seasickness.

A chat with a hardy Breton fisher-
man brought forth this novel cure
for seasickness. While the old man
told of the storms that he had been
through, the narrow escapes he had
had, and the long journeys he had
taken, he was interrupted by the
question, "And seasickness? Were
you ever sick?" "Never," replied
the old man, "and I'll tell you the
reason if you like to hear—I never
went on any ship without taking a
little mirror in my pocket. As soon
as I felt the sickness coming on I
looked in the glass, and all symp-
toms passed away. I got the cure
from my father, and I never knew it
to fail." The receipt is easily tried,
and if it does not convince the
skeptical there is the consolation
that no loss need be entailed in
giving it a chance.—P. T. O.

White Lettuce and Green Cabbage.

"There is a curious difference,"
says a gentleman of St. Louis who
spent a large part of the year in Eng-
land, "between the English and our-
selves in the way of growing cabbage
and lettuce for the table. With us the
cabbage is encouraged to form a head,
and when the leaves show a disposi-
tion to spread the gardeners some-
times tie a string around the clump
to make the leaves grow together. In
England, on the other hand, the ef-
forts of the growers are directed to-
ward keeping cabbage green, and they
pull the leaves apart so as to expose
all portions to the light and give them
a dark, rich color."

"We like our lettuce green, but the
English want theirs headed up and
blanched, so as to have it as white as
our cabbage, in other words, they sim-
ply reverse our practice, and instead
of white cabbage and green lettuce
they like green cabbage and white
lettuce. Of course it is only a mat-
ter of taste, but still the difference is
rather curious."

Wives and Daughters Pawned.

They have a curious way of utilizing
wives and daughters in some parts of
India. If a man wants money he
puts these members of his establish-
ment in pawn and his creditor detains
them until the debt is discharged.
The custom varies in different local-
ities. In Melore the Yencals pledge
their daughters to creditors, who may
either marry them or give them away,
and a man who has to go to jail de-
potes his wife with another family
of her tribe until his return. In North
Aroet unmarried daughters are fre-
quently mortgaged and become the
absolute property of the holder until
liquidation.

The Original
Nature Faker

Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Company.

By RANDOLPH HAYES

Ten miles from Albuquerque the
land rises up, as by acclamation.
They call it now Mount Taylor. In
those days they called it the Mount
of the Swimming Plain. Around the
base of it was ordinarily a good day's
journey from sun-up to sun-up.

For many generations the races of
the southwest were annually run
around the base of Mount Taylor.
These were determined twice a year;
the horse races in the fall, the foot
races in the spring.

A man runs better in the spring,
for the sap then joints his muscles.
As for a horse, he runs well at any
time, unless fed too much. Naturally
it was the spring that brought the
greatest crowds to the base of the
Mount of the Swimming Plain, alias
Taylor. The Navajos, being nearest,
usually arrived first on the ground;
then came the Nez Perces, then the
Plutes, then the Yaquis, and, finally,
the Mokis.

On its own ground, each tribe ran
off the elimination contests, so that
at the mountain a champion stood
for each, one man for a tribe.
Thus tribes, not single runners, con-
tested in the finals. Tribe glory, not
personal esteem, was at stake.

As generation succeeded generation,
the glory passed from tribe to tribe,
rather impartially. Perhaps the
Mokis were, in strict analysis, bet-
ter runners, as a whole, than any of
the others, but they had to travel so
far-up from what is now Mexico—
that their champion did not win
often; there was good for tribal
self-esteem.

Circumscribing Mount Taylor, as I
said before, was ordinarily a sun-up
to sun-up proposition. In the fall the
horses did it usually while daylight
lasted. They would start out before
the disk of the world's benefactor ap-
peared on the horizon and nearly al-
ways crossed the line before twilight
had dwindled into dark.

In the spring it was usually mid-
night before the winner dashed into
the presence of the assembled tribes,
ragged and gaunt-visaged under
torchlight.

There came a decade when the
Mokis lost year after year, with de-
pressing regularity. By turns the
Navajos, the Nez Perces, and then
the Plutes produced champions to
distance the best from Mokiland, al-
though Indian connoisseurs were free
to admit that, under even conditions,
the Mokis were perhaps the best run-
ners in the southwest.

At last, after the tenth successive
defeat, the Moki chiefs assembled in
solemn council. The situation was
desperate. Tribal honor was at stake.
Something must be done.

They determined not to migrate
down into Mexico that year. They
would stay right on the ground, ac-
climate themselves and produce a
champion who would show his heels
the following spring to all competi-
tors. Legend has it that such is the
original cause of the Mokis settling
north of what is now the border of
Mexico.

The next spring showed the wis-
dom of this modern method of train-
ing for the great event. The Moki
champion came in five hours ahead of
his nearest competitor, a panting
Navajo. More than that—astound-
ing! miraculous!—the last gray
shadow of twilight was still on the
ground as he hurled himself, sweaty
and beady-eyed, across the line. He
had run as well as a horse! Never
before in the history of the Mount
of the Swimming Plain had such a
feat been accomplished.

The next year the Moki did the
same thing, and a little better. There
were lavender and lilac and mauve
still in the sky as he came across,
winner. The third year gold and
crimson stretched the horizon as he
captured the prize. The fourth year
the disk of the great golden sun itself
was still visible as he panted in, vic-
torious.

No horse had ever done so well.
The Moki was the acknowledged king
of all runners past and present.
Legend presented no memory to vie
with this glorious actuality. The god-
man, the perfect athlete, a Moki pre-
destined for the happy hunting
grounds had arrived!

And year by year the prestige of
the Navajos fell, for the Mokis had
encompassed on their territory. The
Plutes and the Nez Perces could
withdraw to their own countries and
console themselves, from spring to
spring, but not the Navajos. They
were compelled to share their ancient
lands with the victorious Mokis. They
drifted from baffled rage to sullen
despair, from despair to meditated
revenge, from meditation to deter-
mination.

Impromptu Gush of Sympathy

(From Judge)
"Sometimes," reflected the elderly
dame, "a man weeps at the wedding
of a daughter, because he suddenly re-
realizes what a mean husband he has
been to his own wife and is overcome
when he thinks of what may be ahead
of the girl."

Modern Demand

When Squibb landed in heaven, he
was handed a golden harp. He bawled
out bitterly:
"See here! Haven't you got an
automatic player attachment?"

REO

Everyone Wants What
Everyone Else Wants

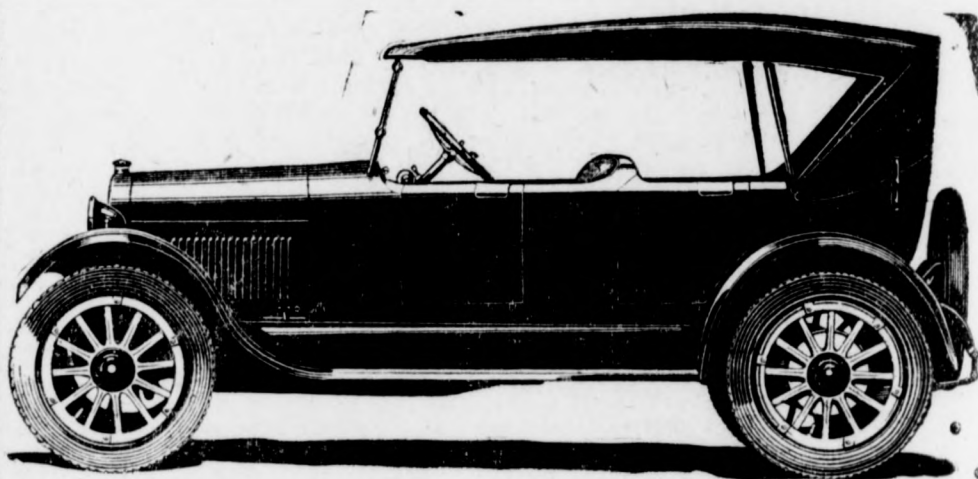
This is the condition which confronts us in the case of the New Reo Six. Because of its outward beauty and inherent mechanical excellencies;— Because, in a word, this new Six is a Reo with all the term implies of stability, dependability and low upkeep.

The demand is almost hopelessly in excess of the possibly supply. Our quota is insufficient to supply the local demands—and such is the demand everywhere else, the factory assures us we can not hope for an additional Reo.

Among Discriminating buyers—experienced motorists—the new Reo Six is first choice.

There are many reasons for this. To enumerate them one would have to mention every detail of this model beginning with that wonderfully simply, wonderfully certain oiling system and ending with the last coat of varnish on the body.

For the excellence of this Reo is uniform excellence. Attention to little details is the Reo idea of creating a perfect whole. This latest Reo is also the best Reo—hence the tremendous popularity.



A. J. Cox Auto Sales Co.

Dealer

Greencastle, Ind.

A Million Dollar Bank

in
GREENCASTLE

With three thousand satisfied customers and increasing every day

You cannot afford to take any chances investing your money these troublesome times where you do not know that it is absolutely safe, and if we can help you [with our thirty years of safe and conservative experience we are at your service we pay you interest on your surplus

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK

Capital \$100,000.00

Surplus \$100,000.00

And women wouldn't enjoy living in a heavenly mansion unless they could clean house at least once a month.

You may break, you may shatter the old hen if you will, but the land-lady serves it as spring chicken still.

After a young man rings a girl's doorbell about so often it's up to him to ring her finger.

Some men manage to make a little noise in the world by rattling their ancestors' bones.

Marriage is seldom a failure if both members of the combine attend strictly to business.

But if a man is foolish and doesn't know it, it's a sign that he has no wife to instruct him.

Nothing jolts a liar more than to have another chap beat him at his own game.

There are two sides to everything; yet a woman only has use for one side of a mirror.

Our idea of a fool is a person who pays twice for the same brand of experience.

The more money a man has the less he worries about what people think of him.

Successful men are those who make more money than their wives can spend.

If a man knows more than his wife it is up to him to keep her in ignorance of the fact.

These days one cannot help admiring the raw and recherche college youth who goes out and gets a job and slaves like a dog to help pay off the mortgage on the dear old auto.

A fool and his money are soon married.

Even the rich have their struggles—these days it's all they can do to keep the stork from the door.

Of course, when an old rake marries a grass widow, he'll ruffle her occasionally.

Hey to the waist line—let fashion move it where she may.

In the stone age man awed women with clubs; these days women awe men with them.

Seemed Too Familiar
Mr. Peet, a rather diffident man, was unable to prevent himself from being introduced one evening to a fascinating young lady who, misunderstanding him as his name, constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally summoning courage he bashfully but earnestly remonstrated:

"Oh, don't call me Peters; call me Pete!"

"Ah, but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters," said the young lady, blushing, as she playfully withdrew behind her fan.

OPERA HOUSE

A. COOK, Prop. & Mgr.

Doors Open at 6:30 Two Shows Show Starts 7:00

PROGRAM SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE...

Robertson Cole Company Presents

Bessie Barriscale

As Zura the Dancer From Paris in

"A Trick of Fate"

A Sensational Five Part Photo Play

Pathe Rolin Comedies

Strand Mutual Comedies

Things Looked Gloomy For Him When Aid Came

ETTINGER HAD ALMOST ABANDONED HOPE OF REGAINING HEALTH, BEFORE TAKING TRUTONA

Indianapolis, Ind., May 3.—"My husband had tried so many kinds of medicines without getting relief that he was discouraged when Trutona was recommended to him; but after ten days of the treatment of the perfect tonic he said he felt like a man made over again." This was the statement made recently to a Trutona representative by Mrs. Harry Ettinger, 429 West Abbott street, Indianapolis.

"Mr. Ettinger had suffered from kidney and liver troubles for many years," she continued. "It seemed that his bowels would not act without the aid of laxatives. He was never hungry and would have to get up several times during the night on account of his kidneys. He also experienced severe pains in his back.

"Instead of struggling as he used to in getting up from his chair, my husband can arise now as quickly as anyone, because he does not suffer with the former severe pains in his back since he's taken Trutona. He declares that his bowels are more regular than they've been for years and says he really feels like a new man. My husband has told his fellow workmen at Van Camps about Trutona and a great many have taken his advice and are now using the tonic."

Trutona is really a medicine of unusual merit. It is unsurpassed as a reconstructive agency, system purifier, and body invigorant. It has been declared peerless as a treatment for stomach, liver and bowel troubles.

Trutona is sold in Greencastle by R. P. Mulins, druggist. Adv

When Nerves Are Freed

When nerves are freed by the very simple process of adjustment by hand, the full force of nerve power comes surging back into the weakened organs and tissues. Health follows as a matter of course.

Until nerve pressure at the spine is removed by spinal adjusting, neither drugs, bathing, hypodermics, rest, cube or exercise can restore the normal strength of the parts affected. Lifting nerve pressure at the backbone nerve openings removes the cause and gives nature a chance.

H. ASKEW, Palmer Chiropractor,
Corner East Washington and Vine Streets
(Over Banner Office)

Office Phone, 189

Residence Phone, 772

LOCAL NEWS

The excavation for the Standard Oil building station at the corner of Madison and Walnut streets has been completed and Green Street, the contractor is now building the concrete foundation for the building.

Mr. and Mrs. Drannan Austin left Sunday for Logansport where they will make their future home.

Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Lockridge of Danville, Ill., are here the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lockridge and family on West Walnut street.

Work at wrecking the tabernacle building, which was purchased by A. F. Burnside, has been begun. The lumber all new, will be saved with little loss. Small sized nails were used in the construction of the building, allowing it to be taken down with little loss by split boards.

The S. C. C. Club will meet Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock with Miss Fern O'Hair at her home on South Locust street.

The Theta Alumni Club will meet on Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock with Miss Lillian Hays at her home at the corner of Anderson and Bloomington streets.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the College Ave Church will meet in the church parlors on Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Mrs. Frank Donner will have charge of the program and Mrs. Reeves will be the hostess. This will be the annual Thank Offering meeting and all members are urged to be present.

The Missionary society of the Christian church will meet Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock with Mrs. Milo West south of town.

Miss Julia Jean Nelson who has been visiting Mrs. O. F. Overstreet returned to her home in Indianapolis today.

Mrs. Clay Brothers and daughter, Miss Cerna who have been spending the winter in Florida, have returned to their home in this city.

Howard Barnaby who has been attending the University of Wisconsin has returned to his home in this city. Because of a recent illness, Mr. Barnaby has been compelled to give up his school work for the present.

Mrs. J. P. Allee and daughter, Mrs. Jesse Allee Byrd are moving from their home on East Seminary Street to the property at the corner of Poplar and Spring Ave.

The funeral of Mrs. Henry McAllister, age 69 whose death occurred at near 5 o'clock Sunday morning of heart disease will be held at the Reelsville church on Friday. Mrs. McAllister's home was in Reelsville.

His Aim Was True! His Love Was True!

A stranger to fear, and foe to the lawless, he stampeded rustlers as they stampeded cattle. He defied death at every turn. He seemed to bear a charmed life.

WILLIAM FOX PRESENTS

WILLIAM FARNUM

IN

The Lone Star Ranger

A stirring photodrama of the Great Southwest From the Novel by Zane Grey DIRECTED BY J. GORDON EDWARDS

"Y" Movie Wednesday

AGENT WANTED—An old established concern needs a progressive man in each county in the state to represent its well known line of oils, greases etc., to consumers. Opportunity for man with automobile to establish permanent, profitable business. Aristo brands have been sold in state for many years; are thoroughly introduced, thus making sales comparatively easy. Liberal commissions await the right men. Address at once TONA REFINING CO., Indianapolis, Indiana.

PUTNAMVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Huffman and Edna Curtis of Greencastle, and Cpl. Buhch who is stationed at Camp Grant spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Alf Curtis in Putnamville.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry and three daughters of Indianapolis spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Howard and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Len Byers gave a surprise dinner Sunday in honor of their daughter, Miss Clea's birthday. Those who attended were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Williams and children of Greencastle, Mr. and Mrs. John Shouse, Gertrude Hendrix, Margaret Jones, Lucille Hunter, Lucille and Nelle Glidewell, Nellie Brown, Mary McNeff, Blanche Williams and Anne Stockwell.

Miss Nellie Packer who has been employed in Lafayette has returned to the home of her parents here.

Ralph and Besse Jones spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Layman Hepler.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson of Terre Haute spent the week end here with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Art Fry.

The high school here was out last Friday after a seven months session.

Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Smith and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Sellars.

RUSSELL

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Clodfelter and family spent Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Clodfelter.

Mr. and Mrs. Otha Bales spent the day Sunday with the latter's parents Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Blacketer at Bellmore.

Lafe McGaughey and family were entertained at dinner Sunday by James McGaughey and family.

Mr. and Mrs. David Englan and son Everett attended Commencement Exercises at Russellville Thursday evening.

Sunday guests at Elmer Clodfelters were Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Sutherland and Mr. and Mrs. Mart McBride.

Lady Overcomes Use Of Morphine

"Troubled about ten years with what the doctors called gall stones, often I thought I would die before the doctor could get here, when he would give me a hypodermic of morphine and advise an operation. A neighbor told me about Mayr's Wonderful Remedy for stomach trouble, and since taking the first dose two years ago, I have not had an attack or needed a hypodermic." It is a simple harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract and allays the inflammation, which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded. Sold by druggists everywhere. Adv

CLASSIFIED ADS.

FOR SALE: 5 room cottage, good location—Small Payment down—Balance easy terms—Brown & Moffett. May 3 2td

Stolen from south side of court house in Greencastle, Saturday, May 1 at about 4:45 o'clock, a Ford Touring car License number. 49517, Motor Number 2088931, 1919 Model, one colored dimmer, one white dimmer. Liberal reward. C. W. Knetzer, Fillmore, Indiana. Phone 2:34. May 3 2t

Will do plain sewing. Mrs. Cordia Grimes, Martinsville street. 2td

Men Wanted for both day and night shifts. The American Zinc Products Company. tf

FOR MORTGAGE EXEMPTIONS—See county recorder, O. T. Ellis.

Architect, Contractor and Landscape Gardening. W. H. Evans, Greencastle, Indiana.

WANTED—All kinds of truck hauling. —Phone 210. Raymond Thompson.

Dr. T.A. Sigler

Veterinarian

Fred Nelson - Assistant

Office at Brothers Barn

Phone 56

A GOOD PLACE TO BUY EVERYTHING



HURST BLDG.—Greencastle

COMPLETE DEPARTMENT of

Shoes	Groceries	Gent's Furnishings
Paint	Dry Goods	Auto Accessories
Stoves	Furniture	Electric Supplies
Rugs	Hardware	Implements
Tires	Roofing	Harness

STANDARD QUALITY—REDUCED PRICES

You Are Always Welcome

HURST & CO.

FOR SERVICE TRAVEL AND SHIP YOUR FREIGHT

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANAPOLIS & EASTERN TRACTION COMPANY AND CONNECTING LINES

Local and interline less car load and car load shipments to all points reached by Traction lines in Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky and Michigan.

Hourly Local Express Service Station Delivery

Passenger cars equipped with double windows insuring to patrons a dependable service.

For rates and further information see local T. H. I. & E. agent or address Traffic Department, 208 Traction Terminal Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

WRIGLEYS

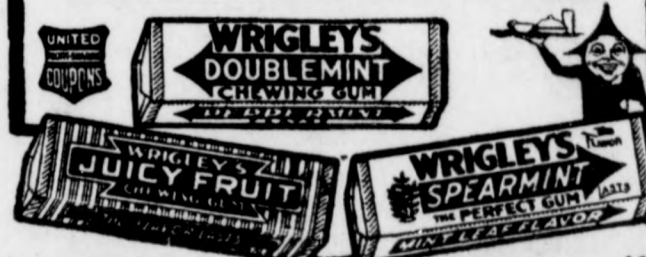


After a hearty meal, you'll avoid that stuffy feeling if you chew a stick of

WRIGLEYS

Other benefits: to teeth, breath, appetite, nerves. That's a good deal to get for 5 cents!

Sealed Tight—Kept Right



→The Flavor Lasts←

Honest Joe 21112

Will stand the entire season at
Charles A. Cooper's Farm
One mile north of Putnamville
Season Service Fee \$10



Wild Geese on Migration.

At the end of March or during the first week in April all the gray geese in the Outer Hebrides collect in one place before taking their departure for their nesting haunts within the Arctic Circle.

To estimate their number is impossible, and to behold this vast concourse of geese is one of the sights of a lifetime. The vast host of birds stands packed together in a huge phalanx till the king of the graylegs starts the flight. As the old leader ascends a hundred thousand voices salute him, but none stir till from overhead he gives the call for his subjects to follow him.

Some fifty birds rise in the air and follow him, and as they go gradually assume the wedge-like formation, with three single birds in a string at the apex of the triangle, and in a few minutes are out of sight. When they have been fairly started the king returns, and after a few minutes rest he rises into the air again and the same process is gone through before he leads off another batch.

Again and again he returns until all are gone but 300 odd veterans, which rise to meet him in the air as he flies back to them. Then, with their sovereign at their head, these also wing their way toward the Pole, not to return until the following October.

Crutch With a Spring.

It can be safely stated that the common everyday crutch is no different from the one used a hundred years ago. No one thought of changing it. Every one who was unfortunate



Spring Prevents Jarring.

nate enough to need one was perfectly satisfied with its make-up—so no change was deemed necessary. The improved crutch is shown in the illustration. There is very little difference noticeable. It closely resembles the ordinary crutch with one exception—and that exception is a spring near the lower end. The spring is placed between the usual rubber guard and the end of the arms of the crutch and is coiled around a connecting rod. The purpose of the spring is apparent at once. A cripple's progress is necessarily slow and tedious, but this little improvement should make his walking less irksome.

Carrying Army Drums.

A curious custom connected with the Serbian army is the manner in which most of the regiments carry the big drum. It is not, as in most countries, slung in front of the man who plays it, but is placed upon a small two-wheel cart drawn by a large dog, which has been so trained that it keeps its place even through the longest and most tedious of marches. The drummer takes up a position behind the cart and performs on the instrument as it moves along.

Garibaldi's Red Shirt.

The most popular uniform of its day—perhaps of any day—in Europe was the Garibaldian shirt, whose prosaic origin was little suspected by its adorers. In a note to Mr. Trevelyan's "Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic" this origin is explained by Admiral Winington-Ingram, who was in Montevideo in 1845, when and where the uniform was first assumed: "Its adoption was caused by the necessity of clothing as economically as possible the newly raised Garibaldian Legion. A liberal offer having been made to the Government to sell at reduced prices a stock of red woolen shirts that had been intended for the Buenos Ayres market—now closed through the blockade—it was thought too good a chance to be neglected and the purchase was therefore effected. These goods had been intended to be worn by those employed in the saladeros, or great slaughtering and salting establishments for cattle at Buenos Aires and other places in the Argentine provinces as they made good winter clothing, while by their color they disguised in a measure the bloody work the men had in hand."—T. P. Weekly.

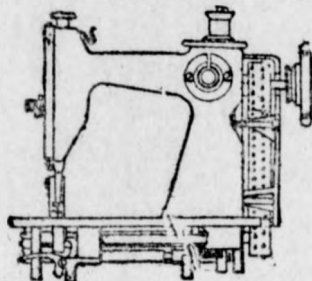
Cannibalism in New Guinea.

Cannibalism has not yet been quite stamped out in British New Guinea. The natives have well-cultivated gardens, they occupy long-settled villages and their relations with Europeans are generally harmonious. In each village one of the most influential chiefs is selected as village constable, given a uniform, a pair of handcuffs, a brass badge and \$5 a year, and is kept under constant personal supervision by the six white magistrates. Crime is comparatively rare, owing apparently to the fact the natives are not allowed to obtain any intoxicating liquor.

BELT WILL NOT SLIP.

An Arrangement Especially Designed for Sewing Machines.

In order to overcome one of the most serious drawbacks encountered in the operation of the sewing machine, that of slipping belts, an arrangement has been patented recently which has some novel features. The pulleys of both rotary shafts are supplied with a series of peripheral pins arranged in two or more



NON-SLIPPING MACHINE DRIVE.

rows with those of one row disposed of intermediate those of the adjacent row. The flexible belt connecting the pulleys are provided with rows of apertures adapted to receive the rows of peripheral pins. This makes a positive drive which will run easily and at the same time renders slipping positively impossible.

Both the belt and frictional drives are a source of annoyance to ladies operating machines, as they are not usually sufficiently versed in mechanical matters to keep these parts in order.

The Largest Scales.

The biggest scales in the country are in the navy yard at Washington. They outweigh the largest railway scales by fifty tons. The latter are not to be sneezed at, for they easily weigh as much as a heavily loaded car. The navy yard scales are so accurate that they come within a pound of the exact weight. Railway scales are considered good if they come within fifty pounds. All the large ordnance manufactured for the navy is weighed upon this machine, which is some ten years old. The scales look like ordinary hay scales.

The delicate mechanism is invisible, the most intricate parts being in a broad pit below the ground. The platform is forty-eight feet long and twelve feet wide. Beneath the powerful machinery is a cement base laid upon long piles. A solid base being one of the prime requisites of a powerful weighing machine, it was found necessary to use a pile driver to secure a stable foundation.

The machine is regarded as the finest of its kind in the world, and is a splendid achievement of American ingenuity. In order to show the accuracy of the scales, an official picked up half a brick and tossed it upon the platform. He then consulted a long brass lever, and found that the brick weighed just one pound.

The capacity of the scales is one hundred and fifty tons. Two twelve-inch guns lying on a forty-eight-foot truck car can be weighed in the machine without taxing its capacity.

Origin of "Whip Dog Day."

St. Luke's Day is also called Whip Dog Day in the almanacs, which refers us to the quaint offices of dog whipper and sluggard waker, that used to be held generally by one person, attached to every church. As late as 1857 there is a record of one of these officials at Dunchurch, who, armed with a wand that had a fork at the end of it, used to go round the church during sermon time and wake the sleepers by croaking it around their necks. Sometimes the wand had a fox's brush at the other end, with which to arouse lady sleepers more courteously. In some places the whip for driving dogs out of church is still preserved; and recently the schoolboys had a custom of whipping the dogs out of the street on St. Luke's Day in a similar way. A curious entry in the Wakefield church accounts runs thus: "1703: For hatts, shoes and hose, for sexton and dog whipper, 18s 6d."

Recruiting the Giant.

One of the most industrious of the man-thieves who recruited the famous regiment of giants for King Frederick William of Prussia was Baron Hompesch, whose many successes led him once to cast covetous eyes upon a very lengthy joiner. He ordered of the joiner a chest or cupboard which should be as long and broad as the worker himself. In due course the baron called round. The cupboard had been finished, but he protested that it was too small. This the carpenter denied and laid himself within it as proof of its dimensions. No sooner had he done so than servants of the baron clapped down the lid and had the giant prisoner. They carried him off to the court, but when the lid was opened, instead of a giant there rolled out a corpse. The man had been stifled. In his anger the king sentenced the baron to death, but reprieved him when he wanted more giants.

Mr. Carnegie's Habits.

Mr. Carnegie never smokes. No one dares light a cigarette in Skibo castle. Mr. Carnegie does not play cricket; is not devoted to riding; never followed the hounds in his life and does not shoot. Golf Mr. Carnegie plays in moderation and he is fond of trout and salmon fishing. He loves to potter about his garden. Skibo castle is to him a great open-air toy, with which he is never tired of playing. He is always planting here, diverting a stream there, making a new road or mending a bridge.

The Conscience Fund

Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Company.
By Lyle L. Cole.

How an apparition followed a victim into the desert and "delivered the goods."

After walking three hundred and fifty miles without finding a town which pleased him, Oakley left the railroad track and turned out into the tawny desert.

He walked ten or a dozen miles farther, straight across the shimmering sand, lashed by the thousand whips of the sun, and then stopped to think the matter over.

Looking backward over the path he had followed, he was pleased to see that even the faint, bluish, perpendicular lines that had marked the location of the telegraph poles were no longer visible. There was nothing in sight to remind him of human beings.

The sun was still high and the heat, which had made the morning almost unendurable, was yet oppressive.

After satisfying himself that he was, indeed, beyond the probable reach of human eyes, Oakley stood for a few minutes, meditating.

"I don't really believe that they have any idea where I am, and I doubt if they are still trying to find me," he said. "But I can't stay in a town two days without getting nervous. Every policeman I see appears to have difficulty in keeping his hands off from me, and I just have to dig. I feel safer out in the open, where there isn't anything but animals—where everything is the same as me."

He sat down in a partially shaded niche in one of the rain-eroded buttes, and fanned himself with his frayed hat.

"Somebody says a guilty conscience doeth us up like a patent medicine," he mused. "Wonder why consciences aren't more appropriately distributed. Some men, like me, who have outgrown the need of one, have enough to bother four men, and some who need one badly are turned loose without any."

"One would suppose that when a fellow gets to the point where he can kill another man his conscience would give him little trouble."

"What was that?"

He sprang up suddenly.

"Oh, I see. Go it, you long-eared collection of legs," he said, with relief, as a jack rabbit hastened toward a line of trees across the valley.

Oakley followed slowly along the path taken by the rabbit. He knew the trees were greasewoods, and thought there must be a stream near. Upon approaching nearer he thought he saw a man standing motionless under a tree. Therefore he turned quickly and slunk back along the ragged edge of a dry run.

"There was something suspicious," he told himself, in the fact that a man was doing nothing, or anything, in such a wilderness, and he could not afford to take any chances. He crept to the top of a butte and cautiously took a position where he could watch the row of greasewoods.

Lying flat on his stomach under the hot sun was trying work. He thought of something he had learned at school—something about earning bread by the sweat of his brow.

"Seems to me I've paid for about five good leaves already," he remarked, after half an hour had passed. "But where are they? I never did believe half of those copy-book fairy tales."

He shifted to one side, and continued his reverie.

"Now, I can't see why that fellow wants to stand there in the hot sun like an imitation of Lot's wife. 'Tain't natural, nor even sensible. Oh! You are coming over here, are you? All right, mister. My larch string's hanging out, and there's only one of you, so receiving callers is not going to be at all tedious."

Oakley laid an old revolver in a depression in the sand.

"You aren't much like the gun the horse thief stole from me," he said, addressing it meditatively. "It ain't at all likely you'd shoot if I was to hitch all wild horses to your trigger, but as far as lucks go you're a sight more impressive than none."

Several times the man straggling across the gleaming sand stopped and shaded his eyes with his hand, scanning the horizon in all directions, but always completing the search with a glance at the butte where Oakley lay sweltering.

Oakley watched him curiously. There was something familiar about him. Was it his manner of walking? Oakley could not determine. Suddenly the man vanished from sight.

Oakley rubbed his eyes and stared out across the vibrating heat waves. No one was in sight. Absolutely no living thing could be seen anywhere. And yet Oakley could have sworn that a moment before a man was coming slowly toward him. He stood up and peered eagerly into the desert. The look of wonder on his face changed quickly to one of alarm. Ah! Now he had it. It had suddenly dawned upon him that the one he imagined he had seen was French. No one else walked like French.

And if that was French there was but one conclusion. Oakley said to himself. He was going insane. French he knew to be dead, for he had killed him. Therefore, French could not be walking over a desert. Oakley knew now that he was beginning to see visions, to conjure up vengeful shapes, and to grope in mental darknesses.

Insanity—horrid, gibbering lunacy—had tracked him, self-driven from the companionship of men, far out into the wilderness. It had left the railroad track and the telegraph poles, even as he had done, and followed him. It would always follow him. Oakley realized it all at once. There was no escape. No desolate region far from the haunts of men was secure from this insidious, insatiable Nemesis. No spot, crowded to the utmost by other men, was inaccessible to this clammy monster of the brain. Yet Oakley shuddered at the thought of separation from his kind.

Picking up his revolver, he turned to descend the butte.

There before him stood French, grinning amiably.

The revolver fell to the ground, filling its muzzle with dirt. With a wild shriek Oakley dashed away. French put out a nimble foot and brought him to the ground, where he lay, stunned.

When Oakley regained consciousness French was sitting near-by, cross-legged, masticating tobacco.

Oakley sat up, and the apparition handed him a piece of the weed. Oakley took it and examined it carefully. It appeared to be genuine. Then he arose, and, walking up to the apparition, felt cautiously about the head and shoulders. The genuine "feel" was here also.

Oakley looked for a moment out over the sand toward the railroad track, shook his head doubtfully, and sat down.

"Lord, what a place!"

"Well, what's the matter with it?" asked French.

"Everything is so sort of confusing. I can't quite see clearly," replied Oakley.

French took from his pocket a roll of bills, and separating several from the roll, handed them to Oakley. "See any better now?" he queried.

Oakley thumped them over doubtfully, his mind still in a haze. After a pause he said slowly, "Well, yes, I think the dawn is gradually illuminating my darkened vision, and yet I can't—What is this money for?"

"That's your pay for killing me," responded French glibly, "and a recompense for the anguish of mind which much have been yours when considering your awful deed. You see, Oakley, old man, when you became so angry at me, back in our little home town, and attempted to put me where I could no longer arouse your indignation, you failed utterly—didn't even touch me with your bullet. When I fell, dazed by the bombardment, you evidently thought I was dead. Any way, you fled. Living, as I did, a bachelor on the outer edge of town, no one heard the shot and no one came to investigate. I happened to be out of money."

Oakley interrupted: "As usual."

"I saw a chance for a scheme," continued French. "My friend, the physician, came at the opportune time to see me, and with his assistance as the certifier of my death I passed from the knowledge of men, was duly and mournfully buried, and by unimaginable toil, together with the kindly aid of my beneficiary, succeeded in realizing upon some fraternal insurance that happened to be fully paid up."

"Then you—you aren't dead?" said Oakley weakly.

"No, but pretty near it. What with following you through the infernal country that was ever left out doors for the wolves to howl in, in order to reimburse you for being the founder of my success in life, or death, as you might say, and also considering the hard labor I endured trying to establish my identity as a dead man, I am about dead."

"Oakley," he concluded wearily, "don't you ever try to accumulate wealth by the life insurance plan. Saw wood or tend sheep, but don't try to get it by dyin' falsely."

Oakley passed his hand over his forehead. When he drew it away it was covered with cold sweat, and thinking still of the apparition out on the hot sand, he declared solemnly that he never would.

After a few minutes of silence, he said, holding out his hand awkwardly, "I don't feel so angry at you as I did, partly because I've had a lesson that ain't down in the copy-books, and partly because it is an unusual experience for a man to have his victim pay him for tryin' to kill him. Let's shake."

"Perfectly agreeable," said French amiably.

"It was a good thing for me, financially, that you once took to murderin'. Let's go back to town and spend some of our money."

No Difference.

Miss Largefoot entered the boot shop and demanded a pair of shoes.

"Yes, madam," said the polite shop assistant. "What size can I get you?"

"Size three," was the dignified but emphatic response.

The assistant looked dubiously at her fairy (?) feet.

"Yes, madam. May I measure the size of your feet?"

"But I told you the size of my feet!" remarked the lady, somewhat crossly. "I said size three."

The shop assistant smiled sweetly. "We have three sizes of size three," said he. "Size three for a size-three foot; size three for a size-four foot; size three for a size-five foot."

Recreant Auditor.

"You went to sleep during your wife's speech."

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton. "Henrietta has been rehearsing that speech for a week. I told her I had better not come here. I knew something like this would happen if she couldn't shut 'Are you listening, Leonidas?' every now and then."

NEW YORK'S GREAT KITCHENS.

Getting Bigger Every Year—Ovens Out Under the Street.

In recently built hotels the kitchen is a space about 150x200 feet, floored with red tiles. The walls where exposed are tiled in white. The ceiling is 14 feet high.

At the entrance is the chef's office, and near him the principal refrigerator for the storage of meat. Along one side are from fifty to 100 lineal feet of ranges adapted to coal, gas and charcoal.

In front of these are the cooks' tables, in the steel tops of which are sinks, balmsarie and steam tables. Underneath are steam plate warmers. Above the cooks' heads are racks, on which is hung a picturesque array of copper pots, skillets, saucepans and kettles, and above this again is the elaborate system of ventilating ducts which carry off the smoke and odor from every appliance where heat is generated.

Near the main kitchen and about one-half its size, says indoors and out, is the soup and roasting department, provided with stock, soup and grease boilers and an oven for roasting fowl or large joints of meat. Such an oven in one of the new hotels has a capacity of 1,000 pigeons or 300 chickens or sixteen large ribs of beef.

The boilers are huge copper affairs, double jacketed, and some of the spits for roasting meats are turned by electricity. This department contains its own refrigerator, in which is kept all uncooked food prepared here.

Sandwiches and salads, for example, are prepared near the garde manger. Coffee urns and rell warmers, griddle and waffle ranges, toasters and egg boilers must be where their products can be most conveniently delivered to the room above.

The kitchen should not be removed more than one floor from the dining room, grill room or cafe to be served. Dumbwaiter communication is unpracticable, as it cools the food. The human waiter must have free access to the kitchen, and so speedy that he shall spend the greatest possible time in the dining room within call of patrons.

Having dropped his written order in a tube, he must go to the proper place in the kitchen to obtain it when prepared. On his way to the ranges he should pass the counter, near the kitchen entrance, where bread and relishes are supplied, for he must be placing these before his customer while the fish or meat is being cooked.

As he starts up the stairway he must pass the checker, who places the price upon whatever he is serving. For salads he must be able to reach the salad department with equal ease. For wines and liquors he must go to the bar of the kitchen.

Whatever number of stories a hotel displays above the street, the business of the enterprise goes on in those below the pavement, and so hard pressed is the city hotel for space that every foot the laws allow the owner to reach under the sidewalk is eagerly seized.

EXPENSIVE TO INHERIT MONEY.

In Italy Man Had to Pay Government More Than He Got.

In Italy it appears to be a somewhat expensive affair to inherit money, that is, if it be a small sum. Not long ago a young man died in the little town of Romagna, who left one lire fifty-eight centesimi, or not quite 34 cents. This sum, which had been deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank, became the property of the young man's father. As the amount was so small the father thought it unnecessary to make a declaration of the legacy as the law prescribes, especially as the stamped paper on which the declaration must be made would cost about 22 centesimi more than the money involved.

Three months afterward he received a demand from the local State Treasury for the payment of 14 lire 45 centesimi—nearly \$3. Thinking a mistake had been made, he took no notice of this demand, with the result that later an official called upon him and demanded the immediate payment of 18 lire—\$3.50. The father had not sufficient money in hand, so the official took possession of the man's furniture. The cost of this seizure brought the total sum to 30 lire, which the poor man had to pay that same evening to avoid the sale of his goods by auction.

Cork Thrift.

Because the world's supply of cork is rapidly diminishing, the cork perquisite in the big hotels and restaurants is now a valuable privilege. They are no longer thrown away, but are put in a box or barrel, where they accumulate until the cork picker comes around and pays a round sum in cash for all offered to him. The waiter now employs corkscrews which inflict the minimum amount of damage upon the cork, and in many places where large numbers of corks are extracted in a day a steel cork extractor is used.

Large corks may be recut with considerable profit. Others, which have been injured, can be cut so as to discard the injured portions and utilize that which is sound. Corks which have been discolored by grease can be cleaned by benzine, ammonia or lime and water. Those which have been discolored or flavored by medicine can be rendered usable by long continued boiling with a small quantity of chloride of lime and subsequent drying in a kiln or oven. The finest quality come from champagne bottles, and always command a good price. It is possible to reuse them, and it is said that this is done by manufacturers both here and abroad.

Knitter's Romance.

Romance may certainly figure in many of the knitted waistcoats and gorgeous stockings worn by our undergraduates to-day, but these have not so romantic an origin as the first of these articles produced in this country. For tradition has it that William Lee, who in the sixteenth century invented the knitting frame on which both stockings and waistcoats were produced mechanically, was driven to this piece of ingenuity by the cruel flouting of the lady he loved, who happened to be a stocking knitter.

Enraged at his failure to make an impression on her heart, he sought to make it on her purse by killing her means of livelihood, and one is glad to read that all stocking makers combined to frustrate his cruel purpose, with the result that he fled with his invention to France, where he finally died of a broken heart, whether for love of his lady or of his spoiled invention, tradition does not say.



One of the "pro-aves" which an eminent English scientist declares were bonds descended from prehistoric reptiles.

Japanese "Mother Goose."

Japanese children are accustomed to lots of toys. They have their games and nursery rhymes galore. Their "Mother Goose" is centuries older than ours; in fact, it is said that Jap mothers used to recite its fables long before Columbus discovered America.

A favorite hero of the Japanese book is a man who rides on a frog. Long ago he was a poor robber, but gifted with remarkable dexterity as a swordsman. Once he attacked a beautiful lady, who suddenly turned into an elderly gentleman. Breaking the robber's sword into half a dozen pieces, just as if it had been a dry twig, the old man announced that he was the Ancient of all Frogs, and counseled the youth to refrain in future from stealing from the poor and to confine his attention exclusively to the wealthy.

At the same time he placed himself at the service of the young man, who, mounted on the frog's back, was able to leap across rivers and to travel at great speed on land, these superior facilities of transportation making it practicable for him to rob usurers and other avaricious persons of their treasures.

The Weather Glass.

Take a flat, broad pint flask, fill it one-third with water, and close it with a cork, through which a small bent glass tube is inserted. The glass tube should be cut so that the outer leg is as long as the bottle is high, while the inner leg (that is, the end inserted through the cork) stands out a trifle inside the neck of the bottle. To make the cork water tight use sealing wax. The illustration shows how



to hang the bottle upside down by a cord. Hang in a protected place, where the sun will not penetrate.

This weather glass, similar to the barometer, indicates the pressure of the air. If the pressure of the air relaxes the water will rise in the outside tube, showing the approach of rain; if the water in the tube sinks, dry weather is to be expected.

Black Rain Clouds.

The color of a cloud depends on the manner in which the sunlight falls upon it and the position of the observer. It will be noticed that high clouds are always white or light in color, and this is because the light by which they are seen is reflected from the under surface by the numberless drops of moisture which go to form the cloud. Heavy rain clouds, on the other hand, are found much nearer the earth, and so light falls on them more directly from above, giving a silver lining to the cloud, though the under surface appears black, owing to the complete reflection and absorption of the light by the upper layers. Seen from above by an observer in a balloon, the blackest rain clouds appear of the most dazzlingly brilliant white.

The Bibulous Bee.

No creature is more apt to become a hopeless dipsomaniac than the honey bee. The flowers deliberately trade on the weakness and make their honey intoxicating simply to give the bee an irresistible taste for it and induce the deluded insect to make continual calls at their bar.

MASSAGE BY THE BLIND.

Japan Practically Has a Monopoly on This Profession.

Although Japan has practically a monopoly of blind masseurs, a few sightless professionals may be found scattered about the capitals of the world. New York has several of them, not Japanese, but the native or European product.

"It must be understood," says an instructor in massage, "that the blind of countries other than Japan have been backward about preparing themselves. Only recently have they begun to think it possible. From time to time travelers and invalids who have profited by the treatment of the Japanese in their own land have come back with tales of the wonderful benefits received, but it never occurred to them that the blind here might utilize their talents in the same way."

"At last, however, a few of the blind have come to realize their possibilities, and at a school of massage in New York a number of them have applied for instruction. Some of these applicants have finished the course, and probably are practicing in town now, either with private patients or in a sanitarium. Among the pupils I remember one woman from Brooklyn. I have kept her in mind because she was the most skillful hand at massage I ever knew. I don't see how even the Japs could beat her. Her hands were alive with magnetism. She seemed to know by instinct what set of muscles required treatment, and the case of insomnia or rheumatism that could hold out against her was stubborn indeed. She went West several months ago, but possibly other blind recruits equally capable have been graduated since then to take her place."

This Cat Plays Ping-Pong.

In Bedford, Mass., there is an eight-month-old kitten who plays ping-pong by himself and does many tricks which are often performed by dogs, but seldom by cats. He will sit in imitation of a rabbit while he begs



for a bit of meat, and will do a regular dance on his hind legs in return for a second helping.

Tiger is as inquisitive as a monkey. If a box comes to the house he is the first to want the cover removed. He gets into bureau drawers, inspects the contents of visitors' suit cases if the lids are left unfastened, and last Christmas, when a tree, hung with presents, was placed in one of the rooms, Tiger, after looking it carefully over and perhaps wondering why he hadn't noticed it before, climbed up an easy perch among the branches and proceeded to eat the festoons of popped corn.

When there is no one disposed to play ball with Tiger he calls the game himself, and at once becomes the whole team. He throws the ball into the air, bats it about with his paws, runs to the top of the stairs for a throw-down, and after winning a hot, hard game, curls himself up in a punchbowl for a snooze.

When callers come he usually takes a conspicuous station from which to look them over. Some he will select as friends and show them that in his estimation they are all right by looking them wide-eyed in the face, arching his pretty back, and smoothing his sides on their clothing. Those who do not impress him favorably he lets alone.

The Smallest Steamboat.

The smallest of steamboats is the Nina, which is perfect in every part, though capable of carrying but one passenger. This passenger must act as captain, stoker, crew and engineer, for the little craft is only twelve feet long and three feet wide. A speed of five and a half miles an hour can be obtained by using a pressure of one hundred pounds. The boat is easily carried in sections, and is steered with the feet by means of a wire. The boiler weighs 80 pounds, the engine 25, the machinery 20 and the hull 90, in all 215 pounds. It was built at a cost of \$1,250.

The Berbers.

The people who are making so much trouble for Spain in Morocco are known as "Berbers," one of the most ancient and fanatical races of whom history speaks. Throughout all the centuries since Christ they have remained, as they were long before Christ came, savage nomads, unconquered, proud, fanatical, their hand against all mankind and living off their plunder, their flocks and their herds. They number about 2,500,000. They have but an apocryphal for a written language, and speak a corruption of Arabic.

When looking over the past, the train of thought carries many passengers.